

Square One

Blade Brown

I'ma take you back to square one
Talking bout that first flip, I mean that square one
I was a little nigga with some big dreams
Now all my little niggas getting big cream
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I'ma take you back to that whole one
Left school in like '01
All grinding, no fun
No paper, no funds
Nah nah man, I shouldn't say no funds
Had a couple grand but that's low funds
Nobody told me to hold one
Had to flip that till that crow's done
Yeah I'm talking bout that first green square
Flipped that shit then I copped myself a mean pair
Yeah we used to rob niggas, did it fast
Only thing about that paper man, it didn't last
Turn this shit up loud if you relate to this
Turn it low if you're in your yard and weighing weight to this
I'm like "Oh wow!", got that know-how
Wish I could go back in time with what I know now
But fuck them if, butts and maybes
That shit cut that pays me
My brick cut, it's crazy
But if I slip up, I'm Swayze
Man I reminisce to that time he kept his lips shut and saved me

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Break down a one-thousand
Finished school in 2000
Big boy, three-thousand
I'm an outcast in that housing
I shut it down and I'm bouncing
In and out, no browsing
If money talks then I'm shouting
Shooters on the pitch and I'm scouting
This real heat I'm holding
No fake tings when I'm rolling
I'll poke 'em up or smoke 'em
Spent forty racks then I'm rolling
Rolling, rolling round town with them square ones
So I can look into the duffle and see bare funds
Me against you ain't a fair one
I spit that fire in the air like a flare gun
No LV's, I can cop them square ones

I can cop ten but here's one
These rappers think they're wrapping, they ain't wrapped shit
Think they can jack who, they ain't jack shit
You ain't real if your gun game's plastic
Now you got Gorilla spazzing on some mad shit

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Calm was the definition of my lifestyle
No gold lines, links, minks, no wildlife
Psalms had me on my knees with my hands high
Losing my religion, gave a toss bout this wank life
Then He threw me a rope, started moving the dope
The way my line was popping off, I barely could cope
Incest papes, my grands was having grandsons
Stamp game mean, was having regular tantrums
Then I flipped up to that corner
No flossing, stuck to that order
My bruddas dem got big, their last name shoulda been Warner
And I was rocking that red rag and he was rocking that blue rag
And you might have thought we were banging
We were bashing and bagging
Youngers was all rating, olders was all hating
Ball so hard, motherfuckers wanna fine me
Ball so hard, niggas like my wifey
Whips, the police, the sticks, the Rollies
The bitches, the jail, the snitches all came from square one

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